

Shmi

by Ghost

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Summary: Just something I got on my mind. Involves Shmi and Darth Maul. Don't worry, not in THAT way. Rated T for swearing.

Shmi

> <meta name="Generator"> Shmi

Shmi

Alright, this is just something that I got on my mind and I decided to write it down. Question: Didn't it seem like Maul was on his way towards Mos Espa when he drove off on that bike?

Disclaimer: I do not own anything in this story. There, I said it.

Shmi stood and watched how Qui-Gon Jinn took her son away to become a Jedi. Her heart ached for every step they took. She wanted to cry, but she had never allowed her emotions to take control of her before, and she would not start now. She knew that she did not need to fear for Anakin, Qui-Gon was perhaps rebellious and bold, but he was a wise man.

"Are you alright?" Watto asked. He came flying from behind.

"I'll be okay," she said.

Watto sighed. "That Jedi was smart, I don't know how he did that, but I lost a lot of money, not to mention Anakin."

"It was meant to be," Shmi said. "You could not have prevented it."

"No, of course not," he said. "But you can't blame one for trying, eh?"

He put a comforting hand on her shoulder. "He'll be alright."

"I know," she said. Suddenly she froze.

Watto noticed it. "What is it?" he asked.

"Nothing," she said. "Nothing at all."

"Is itâ€|?" Watto never finished the question.

"I don't know," Shmi said, and then shook her head. "We better not stand her any longer, we have lives to continue."

"Sure," Watto said and flew back into the shop.

Shmi looked around, as if she tried to spot something in the sky. "How odd," she muttered.

In the outskirts Darth Maul waited. One of his "Black Eye" droids came flying and stopped right in front of him.

"Bongoye gan-geedge!" it said, and Maul silently nodded. The Sithlord walked over to his speederbike, sat down and drove off. The droid watched him dive down a cliff and disappear towards Mos Espa, then it returned into the ship and closed down, awaiting its masters next orders.

Shmi and Watto had just finished the dinner and Shmi had just loaded the dishes in the washing machine.

"Sure is quiet without him around," Watto said.

"It is, isn't it," Shmi responded with a sad smile. "But still, it is almost as if there is still something left of him, right?"

"Damn right," Watto chuckled. "But what is left isn't that efficient as a slave."

Shmi was just going to respond, when she again froze and almost fell to the floor. Watto was there to catch her, but she managed to keep her balance, which was just as good since the Toydarian wouldn't have been able to hold her up anyway.

"You felt something, didn't you?" he asked. "What is happening? Something is wrong, isn't it?"

Shmi didn't answer right away. She started to walk towards her room. "Watto, you better get out of here," she said.

"The hell I will," Watto answered. "This is my shop, and you are my slave. I'm not gonna abandon you just like that!"

Without a word Shmi entered her room and opened her old trunk. She dug through the stuff she had in it, most of it her most precious belongings, and down at the bottom in one of the corners she found what she was looking for. It was a metal cylinder, approximately two and a half decimetres long with two red buttons on it.

"Hello there, old friend," she said to it, inspecting it in the bad light. "I haven't used you in many years, I hoped I would never have

to again."

She took the object in her hand and returned to the shop. There she stopped. He had arrived.

At the door a long and dark shape stood, dressed in a pitch-black cloak and black robes. Under the hood a red face with black tattoos and two red and yellow glowing eyes could be seen. He was holding a long lightsaber in his hand.

"Hey!" Watto said and flew towards him. "What do you want, we are closed!"

The Sith didn't even bother to use his weapon, he just slapped the Toydarian away with his hand. Watto hit the fall and fell to the floor. Maul turned towards Shmi.

"Shminiakian Skywalker," he greeted. "I have heard of you. The rest of the galaxy believes you are dead since many years."

Shmi did not answer; she just pushed the activation button on the object in her hand. Slowly a shining blue blade grew out. Shmi moved into battle position. Maul ignited one end of his double saber and did the same. He knew now that talking would be a waste of time.

Shmi parried the first blow and quickly riposted. Maul only barely avoided the deadly blade. He had underestimated her, and he now felt his anger building. He attacked again and now they started to exchange cuts and swings more rapidly. Suddenly Maul twirled around and tried to kick her in the face. Shmi bent backwards, dodging the kick, and then bent down, sweeping her leg at his feet. He jumped over it and she rolled away from the cut. She got up and locked her saber to his, twisted herself around and placed her heel in his face. He retreated, surprised.

"Not bad, woman," he snarled. His rage was now on the top. He attacked again, but she struck his blade away, jumped up and gave him some painful kicks in the chest. She then continued the rapid combinations of attack and parry. Suddenly Maul managed to get his blade through her defences, and it pierced her stomach. She dropped the saber and fell to the floor.

"Nice try, Skywalker," Maul said with a malignant smile on his lips. "Where are they?"

"Go to hell!" she spat. He reached down and grabbed her face with his gloved hand, forcing her to look into his glowing eyes. "Tell me what I want to know!"

Shmi grunted as the information was pulled out of her mind by force. Suddenly he let go. "Perfect, now I only have to reach them in time." He raised his saber. "But I'm afraid you have to die, Skywalker."

Suddenly they could hear people shouting outside. They had heard the fight and were coming to see what had happened. Maul hesitated for only a moment. The first thing a Sithlord learns from his or her master is how to blend in and not draw attention. He could not risk anyone understanding who he was. She ran towards the backdoor and

disappeared. Watto managed to get up from the floor and flew over to Shmi in small jumps.

"Shmi," he said. "What did he do to you?"

Shmi now realised exactly how much it really hurt; it had been so long since she was wounded last time. She felt herself slip away. Some people started to appear in the front door. Watto turned towards them.

"Don't just stand there!" he shouted. "My slave is hurt, get help!"

She did not hear anymore before she passed out.

When she woke up she was laying in a bed. The wound on her belly was only a scar. Watto came flying.

"How long have I been here?" she asked tiredly.

"Not long," he answered. "You have spent some time in a bacta tank, but you'll be just fine."

"Anakin and Qui-Gon?"

"According to all sources their ship is gone," he said. Apparently they got away."

She sighed and fell back to the pillow. "Thank the Force."

"Do you think thatâ€¦ That creature will return?"

"I doubt that," she said. "He will probably follow Qui-Gon and Anakin now. I hope they will be okay."

"You can think about that later," Watto said and stroked a string of her hair from her face. "Now you must sleep."

> "Sure," she mumbled and drifted off. "Sleep."<p>

Watto sighed and flew out. "One day I will find someone to sell Shmi to and when I do I am going to move to a planet where there is no chance any Jedi will ever come close to me!"

> Muttering things like that he returned to his shop and continued with his business.<p>

So what do you think about this one? A bit strange, I know, but it's late right now and I don't think very clearly. Review or something, I really want to know what you think.

End  
file.